

Holiness to the Lord!

# The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 9.

## A MEMBER OF THE "TRY" CLUB.

WE take pleasure in introducing our readers, in this number, to a member of the "Try" Club. Look at her in the engraving, she is an interesting little lady, and being a member of the most important club in the world you should feel pleased to make her acquaintance. You may have heard of Odd Fellows', Freemason's, and many other clubs with various names, all of which, with wise and proper management, may be useful, and a source of benefit to their members; but for general, and lasting usefulness they are nothing to be compared to the "Try" Club. The benefits of the first named, if they possess any, are confined solely to their members; but the benefits of the "Try" Club are enjoyed by every member of the human family. The "Try" Club is not confined to any particular town or locality, as some other clubs are, but it exists in every country, state, territory and town in the whole world. There are thou-

sands of its members in Utah, and we hope, and believe too, that all the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR are members of it. It is very sure, on the one hand, that they who are not

will never be useful men and women; and, on the other, the more energetic and zealous they are as members of that club, the more useful they are likely to be when they reach the years of maturity.

To the members of this club the world is indebted for every useful art and invention. The steam engine, the steamboat, the railroad, the telegraph, the stocking loom, and scores and hundreds of others; in fact everything that helps to build up nations and individuals, and make life and home happy and comfortable, is due to the efforts and labors of the members of the "Try" Club. Had it not been for their untiring perseverance the boys and girls who read this would be in possession of as few comforts as the children of the Indians are. All men and women



who have ever won fame and fortune, whether in science, art or literature, in this or any other age of the world, have been members of the "Try" Club; and all who achieve greatness and distinction in the future will be. In the last number you finished the biography of Valentine Duval, and you saw what he did by being a member of the "Try" Club.

There is a saying that "I can't" never did anything, but "I'll try" does everything; or in other words they who say "I can't" never accomplish anything worthy of notice; but they who say "I'll try," and who keep trying, almost invariably succeed; and whenever successful persons are found, no matter whether they be young, middle-aged, or old, they are members of the great "Try" Club.

Look at our little lady in the picture. She is evidently desirous of becoming a writer, and being a member of this club, if she possess fair, natural abilities, her success is sure, for the cultivation acquired by "trying," will improve her powers and enable her to reach the point she desires; and no matter how great her natural endowments might be, unless she joined the "Try" Club, and labored for improvement, she never would succeed. The greatest poets and writers of the world, never became great until long after they joined the "Try" Club. It has been so with all great inventors. Professor Morse, who blessed the world with the electric telegraph, was a member of the "Try" Club years before his dreams were realized and the telegraph became an established institution. The same is true of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, Robert Fulton the inventor of the steamboat, and Robert Stevenson, who delved for years and years in the coal pits of England, and afterwards invented railroads. Some of you may have heard of Elihu Burritt, the "learned American blacksmith," as he is called. He was born in humble circumstances; but early became a member of the "Try" Club, turned his attention to languages and now his attainments in that respect have gained him a world-wide reputation, and he can read, write and speak probably more languages than any other one man in the world.

Some of you who read this may become as noted, as learned and as useful as any of the men whose names have been mentioned; but you never will unless you become members of the "Try" Club. See the boys and girls who, when at school, say, "I can't do my ciphering, I can't learn my spelling, or my grammar lesson," they remain dunces, and keep at the bottom of the class; they don't belong to the "Try" Club. The members of that club are never dunces and never stay long at the bottom of the class.

If any of you who read this paper have not joined the "Try" Club, join it at once. By becoming faithful and zealous members some of you may become distinguished in literature, or in some branch of science or art; but if you never should become famous, you all have powers of mind which a membership in the "Try" Club will develop, and the cultivation thus acquired will qualify you for useful and honorable positions in society, and none of you ought to be satisfied with anything less than that.

## JOAN OF ARC.

PROMINENT among the notable names of modern history stands Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans," who lived and died in the 15th century. Born in humble life and reared without education, she by her great deeds and tragic end acquired a fame which time itself will never blot out, and her name will live as long as the pages of history are preserved and read. A "Maid of Orleans" would be an impossibility in our times, from the fact that the people, generally, are more intelligent and better informed than in the early part of the fifteenth century. Then, the power of priestcraft and the influence of

superstition were very great among all classes, not excepting the most learned and cultivated, and the claims of the "Maid of Orleans," regarded at first with some little doubt, were soon acknowledged, and that acknowledgement was a pledge of her future success.

At the time our heroine made her appearance as a public character the greater part of France was a possession of the English crown, in fact six years prior to her debut—in 1422, Henry the Sixth, King of England, had been proclaimed King of France, and the greater part of the realm acknowledged his authority. Charles the Seventh was the rightful possessor of the French throne, but his claims were disregarded save by a few of the people living in the central and southern portions of the country. He, however, collected forces which he brought into the field against the English, but in repeated engagements the latter defeated Charles. His forces finally centred in the city of Orleans, and while it was being vigorously besieged by the English, Joan of Arc made her appearance at the head of ten thousand French troops, having proclaimed that her mission from heaven was to deliver her country and place the rightful sovereign on the throne of France.

We will now give you a very short sketch of this girl's history prior to her taking the field. Her parents kept a small inn, in the village of Domremy in the province of Lorraine. Joan was their fifth child, and they being very poor, were unable to give their family any education; and as Joan grew up she worked as a servant in the village inn. It is said of her that she was beautiful, and a remarkably grave and pious child, and when she had a chance to do so, took delight in musing in solitude. When thirteen years of age she declared she received heavenly visions, and heard the voices of invisible personages, inspiring and counselling her to holiness and purity of life. This continued for five years, when she avowed that her invisible friends had commanded her to place herself at the head of the French troops, and that if she would do so she should be Heaven's instrument in driving the English from France, and placing Charles on the French throne, a declaration which quickly gained credence from the fact that there was a tradition, popular among the people then, that France should be delivered by a young maid.

By the influence of an uncle she obtained an interview with the governor of the city of Vaucouleurs, and told him about her visions and voices, and what she had been commanded by them to do; but the governor seems to have been a man not much given to the superstition of the times, and he treated her story with derision, and she returned home. Her supernatural visitants, she declared, still urged her to go and deliver her country and king, and the victories of the English continuing, she finally received an order to appear before Charles who, to put her assumptions to the test, placed another person, clothed in royal robes, on the throne, while he took his place among his courtiers. When Joan was admitted into the royal presence, it is said that, disregarding the person on the throne, although she had never seen the king, she at once singled him out, and made known her mission. The result was she was ordered at once to undergo a strict examination, that it might be determined whether she was crazy, or a witch. She submitted to this renewed test, and was declared to be free from insanity and witchery, and finally the command of the king's troops was given to her. Before taking command a complete suit of mail was made for her, and then, when only eighteen years of age, she led the French to the relief of Orleans. The belief in her divine mission caused intense enthusiasm among the soldiery, and rendered them almost invincible, and in three weeks they drove the English from Orleans. Other engagements soon took place between the contending armies, but under their inspired leader the French were every time victorious, and in three months from the time the Maid of Orleans took command, Charles was crowned King of France, his lady companion

standing by his side. From this time on the war took a new character, for the coronation of the French king had the effect of uniting the French people, and soon the power of the English was broken, and in a very few years the only place they held in France was the city of Calais.

The coronation of Charles seems to have been the last notable act connected with the military career of the Maid of Orleans. She retained her position as nominal leader of the French forces for over two years after, but in the year following—the winter of 1429, she was wounded in an attack on Paris; and in the year following she was taken prisoner by the English.

The belief in witchcraft was very general in those days among all classes, and the terror with which the deeds of the maid had struck the enemies of her country—the English, had gained for her, among them at least, the reputation of being a witch, the crime for which was death by burning. No sooner was Joan of Arc arrested than she was accused of being a witch, and strange to say those who had been her friends joined with her enemies in the cry against her, and she was finally brought to trial, and after a tedious examination, extending over several months, she was declared guilty, and sentenced to be burned to death. The French king, in whose elevation she had been the chief instrument, seems to have made no effort to save her, although he was then master of France, and could have done it if he would; but regardless of the claims she had upon his gratitude it is not recorded that he made any effort to save her, and the savage sentence was carried out, the unfortunate, but extraordinary girl being put to death by burning, in the market place of the city of Rouen on the last day of May 1431, being then a little more than three months over twenty-one years old. On the spot on which her death took place, there now stands a monument erected in her honor and in commemoration of her tragic fate.

## THE COUNTRY OF THE KORAKS.

(Concluded.)

THE strangers were received with great civility, and having explained their motives, through an interpreter, they were approached by a tall native, with a shaven head, who lifted the curtain of skin belonging to the largest tent, and revealing a dark hole about two feet and a half in diameter, motioned to them to enter. When, having crawled on their hands and knees a distance of about fifteen feet, they entered the large open circle in the centre of the tent, this was the spectacle disclosed: "A crackling fire of resinous pine boughs burned brightly upon the ground in the centre, illuminating redly the framework of black, glossy poles, and flickering fitfully over the dingy skins of the roof and the swarthy tattooed faces of the women who squatted around. A large copper kettle, filled with some mixture of questionable odor and appearance, hung over the blaze, and furnished occupation to a couple of skinny, bare-armed women, who, with sauce-sticks, were alternately stirring its contents, poking up the fire and knocking over the head two or three ill-conditioned dogs. The smoke, which rose lazily from the fire, hung in a blue, clearly defined cloud, about five feet from the ground, dividing the atmosphere of the tent into a lower stratum of comparatively clear air, and an upper region where smoke, vapor and ill odors contended for supremacy." Around the inner circumference of the tent are constructed small, nearly air-tight apartments called "pologs," about four feet in height and six or eight feet in width and length. They are made of the heaviest furs sewn carefully together to exclude the air, and are warmed and lighted by a burning fragment of moss floating in a wooden bowl of seal oil.

In this dreadfully vitiated air the Korak women spend nearly the whole of their time, and yet they live to an advanced age, and are no uglier nor more unhealthy than the old women of other countries.

The strangers were observed with great curiosity; and when they retired to one of the pologs, the natives lay flat down on the ground, and watched them with gleaming eyes, under the edges of the fur curtain, as they laid out, as best they could in the total absence of furniture, their provisions of hard bread, raw bacon and steaming tea. The food proffered by their wild entertainers was contained in a long, wooden trough containing reindeer venison, and in a bowl, whose contents, when they summed up courage to taste them, they found remarkable only for their "grassiness." The mess known as "manyalla" is compounded of clotted blood, tallow, and half-digested moss, taken from the stomach of the reindeer, where it is supposed to have undergone some essential change. These materials are boiled up together with a few handfuls of dried grass, and the dark mass is then moulded into loaves, and frozen for future use. At supper, the men of the band gather round the trough of reindeer meat and the kettle of manyalla, and between mouthfuls of meat or moss discuss the simple subjects of thought which their isolated life affords, and into which no foreign element can possibly enter.

There are about forty bands of these strange people, who roam over the great steppes, between the fifty-eighth and sixty-third parallels of latitude. Within these limits they wander almost constantly with their great herds of reindeer, seldom camping longer than a week at any one place, which is not altogether due to their restlessness, but to the needs of the wonderful animal on whom their existence depends. A herd of four or five thousand reindeer will, in a very few days, paw up the snow and eat all the moss within a radius of a mile from the encampment. Then they must wander, or their deer will starve, and their own starvation be the result. They are a hospitable, kindly, obliging people, with all the independence which comes from their mode of life, and self-reliance, which peculiarly distinguishes them from the settled inhabitants of Siberia. Give them a small herd of reindeer, and a moss steppe to wander over, and they ask nothing more from all the world. They are wholly independent of civilization and government, and will neither submit to their laws nor recognize their distinctions. They associate themselves in bands of six or eight families, but these bands are held together only by mutual consent, and recognize no governing head. They have no particular reverence for anything or anybody, except the evil spirits who bring calamities upon them, and the "shamans" or priests, who act as mediators between these devils and their victims. Mr. Kannan gives an amusing instance of the contempt with which they treat the notion of difference of rank and inequality of condition. Major Abasa, the chief of their expedition, had, he says, conceived an idea that, in order to get what he wanted, he must impress them with a notion of his power, wealth and importance in the world. He accordingly called one of the oldest and most influential members of the band to him, one day, and proceeded to tell him, through an interpreter, how rich he was, what immense resources in the way of rewards and punishments he possessed, what high rank he held, how important a place he filled in Russia, and how becoming it was that an individual of such exalted attributes should be treated by poor wandering heathen with filial reverence and veneration. The old Korak, squatting upon his heels on the ground, listened quietly to the enumeration of all our leader's admirable qualities and perfections, without moving a muscle of his face; but finally, when the interpreter had finished, he rose slowly, walked up to the Major with imperturbable gravity, and with the most benignant and patronizing condescension, patted him softly on the head! The Major never tried to overawe a Korak again.

*Chambers' Journal.*



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GEORGE Q. CANNON - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**T**RULY great men, like the sun in the firmament, stand out in bold relief, their deeds or achievements rendering them conspicuous above their fellows; and when one of this class departs this life, no matter to what nationality he may belong, all men pay a tribute to his memory, for all feel the loss, and this is especially so if the labors of the departed have been for the welfare of his race. When the first Napoleon died on the rock of St. Helena, the world acknowledged the loss of the greatest warrior that ever lived. He, however, had not been a benefactor, but a scourge, to his race, and while all mankind felt that one of the most brilliant geniuses that ever lived had left them, none could feel regret. Being such a mental giant, had he labored as untrudgingly to spread the blessings of peace and progress as he had to spread the curse of war, mankind in every land would have mourned his death. Those to whom the appellation of "great" can be applied with propriety are rare; and unfortunately for them, and the world at large, they are seldom understood while they live, and in most cases they remain in obscurity and die in poverty. Once in awhile, a man of this class, whose good deeds, or great inventions and discoveries, confer benefits upon mankind generally, is appreciated and understood while he lives, and he invariably reaps substantial rewards and honors. Such a man was the late Professor Morse, who died in the city of New York on the second day of this month.

You have all heard of the electric telegraph, and if you do not know how it is worked, you know that by it, messages can be sent any distance in a wonderfully short time. In almost every locality now in Utah Territory, if you step out of doors and walk a short distance, and in many places by just looking out of the window, you can see the poles and wires. Quite a simple looking arrangement, is it not, and yet by its means the people of St. George, in Washington County, and of Paris in Bear Lake, can talk to each other almost as easily as if they were in each other's presence; and just as easily a message can be sent to England or any other distant region, provided the wires are laid. This is very wonderful, and the world owes this invention to Professor Morse. He was not the first man who thought that the lightning could be made serviceable to man, nor the first who made experiments; but he was the first in bringing those experiments to a successful issue. He spent years of labor and thought before he realized his grand idea; and being ahead of his times, he was regarded by nearly all men to whom he made his project known as little better than a crazy man, so convinced were they that it was a dream that never could be realized. The idea of controlling the lightning—one of the most subtle and incomprehensible of all the forces of nature—so that by its means messages could be sent in a few seconds to the most distant regions, seemed too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment, and Morse and his telegraph scheme came to be regarded as little better than a nuisance.

But the mind of the great philosopher had been touched by the finger of Deity, and enlightened by a spark from the foun-

tain of revelation and eternal wisdom; and he *knew* the work he was engaged upon was true; and though his friends regarded him as a lunatic, he labored on, for having gained a knowledge of a good thing himself, the natural greatness and goodness of his soul prompted him to make it known to all mankind. However, a considerable sum of money was needed to enable him to demonstrate the truth and practicability of his wonderful discovery and invention; and having spent all the means that he owned in making experiments through a number of years, he applied to the government and Congress of his native country—the United States—for aid; but his appeal met with no response. He went to Europe, and applied, with no better success, to the governments of England and France. He returned home, and again sought the aid of Congress, and by the influence of friends succeeded in inducing that body to grant him thirty thousand dollars, with which he had a line erected from Washington to Baltimore—a distance of a few miles.

This experimental line was built in the year 1844, and from that moment the world was converted to belief in the truth of Mr. Morse's discovery, and thenceforth wealth and honors were showered upon him. Most of the leading governments of Europe conferred orders and decorations upon him, and in the year 1860, by the invitation of the Emperor Napoleon, representatives of ten of the European kingdoms met in Paris for the purpose of presenting to Professor Morse a money testimonial of their appreciation of his wonderful invention. Eighty thousand dollars was the amount presented to him, as the result of this meeting.

In June of last year a monument, paid for by subscriptions from the telegraph operators of the country, was erected in commemoration of Professor Morse and his invention in Central Park, New York City, on which occasion many thousands assembled to do him honor. A congratulatory message was sent by him to the profession in all parts of the country, and replies from them to him. The occasion was very imposing and will be long remembered. At that time the Professor was in the enjoyment of his usual health, and none thought that the nation would have to mourn his loss so soon thereafter. At his death he was eighty-one years of age. He had the great privilege of living to see nearly all the nations of the earth united by means of the electric wires, and the gratification of knowing that he was regarded by the world at large as one of the greatest benefactors of his race. By means of his discovery the most distant nations have been brought within speaking distance, and the labors of no man ever tended so much to break down the barriers of isolation and to cause a general diffusion among all lands of the benefits of commerce and civilization.

It is a very common thing for discoverers and inventors to arrogate to themselves all the honor of their labors; but there was one remarkable peculiarity about Professor Morse, for while people everywhere ascribe to him all the honor of the invention of the telegraph, he ascribed it to where it rightfully belongs—to the Great Author of all good, for the first telegraphic message ever sent on earth, dictated by Mr. Morse, was, "What hath God wrought?"

**T**HE ant-eating woodpecker, a common Californian species, has a curious and peculiar method of laying up provisions against the inclement season. Small round holes are dug in the bark of the pine and oak, into each one of which is inserted an acorn, and so tightly is it fitted or driven in that it is with difficulty extracted. The bark of the pine trees when thus filled presents at a short distance the appearance of being studded with brass-headed nails. Stowed away in large quantities, in this manner, the acorns not only supply the wants of the woodpeckers, but the squirrels, mice, and jays likewise avail themselves of the fruits of provident labor.

## NATURAL BRIDGE, IN VIRGINIA.

FOR beautiful scenery and natural curiosities the Continent of America undoubtedly surpasses any other portion of the world, as much as it does for the richness and variety of its climate and resources. Its extraordinary gold and silver deposits, its extensive coal fields, its mammoth caves, its boiling springs, its giant waterfalls, its buried cities, its subterranean lakes and forests, its enormous rivers, its lofty mountains, its great variety of climate, all combine to make it without an equal in any other portion of the globe; and year after year, owing to the extension of its railroad system, and the roaming disposition of a large number of its population, its natural wonders are becoming more widely known, and are beginning to attract more of the attention of travelers and pleasure seekers, with whom it was formerly the fashion to visit only, or almost exclusively, the romantic and classic portions of the eastern hemisphere—Greece, Italy, Switzerland, etc.

Since the arrival of the Pioneers in the Valleys of Utah, the "Great American Desert," as it was once called, has been almost all explored, and most of it settled; and the romantic scenery of the Great West has attained almost world-wide



celebrity. But this is not confined to the West, for in almost every section of the country, to the extreme limits of the north, south, east and west, there are sights and scenes among nature's works which can scarcely be equalled, and which well repay a visit from the pleasure seeker and traveler.

Formerly, the great sight in this country for foreign travelers was the Falls of Niagara; but, while these are still regarded as one of the grandest sights in America, and without an equal in the world, they have now many rivals, and scenes and sights in other sections are nearly as celebrated now as Niagara. We present you, in the above engraving, an illustration of one of these—namely the natural bridge in the State of Virginia. There are several bridges of this character in this country, two in California, one or more in New York, in Alabama and other localities, but this in Virginia is considered the most celebrated. It is in the south-eastern corner of Rockbridge county, and is regarded as one of the most singular natural curiosities of which the country can boast. By what force this peculiar formation was made is a matter that can not be explained, but it is believed to have been caused by earthquake or the action of

water. One side of the arch is two hundred feet high, the other side is two hundred and forty; the space between the two is nearly a hundred feet. The breadth of the bridge proper, or the roadway communicating the two sides of the arch is sixty feet. The structure is of hard, solid limestone and, unless demolished by an earthquake or some other convulsion of nature, bids fair to stand and endure for many ages.

The natural bridge of Virginia has been a favorite resort of the great men of the nation, most of whom are said to have visited it, and have carved their initials on its sides. Among others, it is said the initials of the father of his country, General George Washington, are carved thereon, showing, if true, that that great man, at some period of his busy and eventful life, found time to visit this great natural curiosity of his native State.

## HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

BISHOP George Miller and E. A. Bedell, Esq. traveled day and night to reach Springfield and present to Governor Ford the petition from the council in Nauvoo for the removal of the armed forces from the county. The Governor received them kindly, and after perusing the communication of which they were the bearers, he read to them a number of letters he had received from individuals in Hancock county and other parts of the State, urging the necessity of keeping a force stationed there all winter. He deplored the condition of the country, and stated that he considered the people of the State generally a mob, and that he could not trust them to act in any emergency where the Saints as a community were a party. He was willing to acknowledge that justice had not been done to the Saints, but he was afraid to exercise the power which by virtue of his office belonged to him, because, as he said, if he should exert the executive influence in behalf of the Saints as he ought to do, it would result in his own overthrow as well as that of the Saints. He finally promised to go to Hancock county and endeavor to pacify the mob and maintain order until the Saints could leave in the spring; and after that, bring those who were guilty of murdering, mobbing and house-burning to justice.

After Major Warren and his troops had left Nauvoo on the occasion of his threatening to place the county under martial law, it was ascertained that among his party was a deputy marshal from Iowa, who had come to Illinois with a demand on the Governor for the Twelve Apostles of the Church. A certain Dr. Abiather Williams, who had the unenviable reputation of being a counterfeiter, had been before one of the judges of Iowa and sworn that the Twelve Apostles had made "bogus" money in his house. On his testimony an order was issued for their arrest, and the deputy marshal was sent to Nauvoo for that purpose. The real intention of Major Warren in making his visit to Nauvoo with his troops, was to assist in making these arrests, but they were deterred from doing so by the animated speech of Elder John Taylor.

The authorities of the Church had been harassed so much with trumped-up charges which, like this, had no foundation in truth, that they were not surprised at it. However, as it was reported that a larger force was being obtained, with which the officers would again visit Nauvoo and make the arrests, the accused men secreted themselves where they were not likely to be found, to save themselves the vexation of arrest, trial and probable incarceration, such as they had undergone before on false charges.

On the evening of the 27th Major Warren sought and obtained an interview with President Young and the Twelve

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Apostles. His feelings towards the Saints seemed to have changed somewhat. He acknowledged that the object of his last visit to Nauvoo with his troops was to make the arrests spoken of, but he now considered it unjust to serve the writs, as it would hinder the arrangements of the Saints to remove. As a proof of his sincerity, he stated that he was going to Springfield the next day, and one part of his business there was to induce his relatives and friends to remove to Nauvoo and purchase farms from the Saints.

Elder Orson Spencer, being acquainted with Governor Ford, wrote a letter to him, in which he set forth in fervent terms the past and present sufferings of the Saints, the treachery of the officers and troops under the Governor's command, the faith formerly felt by the Saints that he would defend them in their rights and administer justice regardless of party, and the fear now so generally entertained that he was going to follow in the footsteps of Governor Boggs, of Missouri, in regard to persecuting the Saints. The writer concluded by imploring the Governor to take immediate and decisive steps to prevent further trouble for the Saints by removing the troops stationed in the county and restoring the Sheriff to the full power of his office. Governor Ford felt indignant on receiving this letter, and returned it to Elder Spencer on the 30th, and with it a note stating that he considered it disrespectful, false and libelous, and as containing undeserved censure.

The Governor also sent a long letter to Bishop George Miller the same day, in which he justified himself for his whole official course towards the Saints, claimed that he had saved them from total extermination by sending his troops to the county, related in a patronizing strain some of the worst of the false stories circulated about the Saints stealing property and committing murder, and asserted his determination to keep up the military force in the county, notwithstanding the Saints protested against it.

Among the brethren summoned to appear at the court being held at Carthage, was Joshua Smith, who had been connected with the Church since 1836, and who had always been known as a good and faithful man. In accordance with an order of Major Warren, that every man entering the town of Carthage should be searched for arms, the militia searched him, found a knife on his person and arrested him. While under arrest, they gave him dinner. Soon after eating it he became very sick, and stated that he had been poisoned by the militia. He lived but a short time, and when his body was afterwards subjected to a medical examination his suspicion was confirmed, for it appeared that he had died from poison.

Foremost among those who turned away from the Church and plotted against the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith, was Doctor Robert D. Foster. He conspired with the mob to procure his death, and was one of the men who earnestly solicited Joseph Smith to submit to the pretended requirements of the law by going to Carthage and delivering himself up for the last time. Such treason and transgression are never productive of peace and happiness, but sooner or later bring the participants to sorrow and remorse. No better illustration of this fact can be found than the case of Dr. Foster. In a conversation he had with one of the brethren named Abraham C. Hodge, after he had learned that the Saints were going to remove west, he said: "I wish I were going among you, but it can't be so. I am the most miserable wretch that the sun shines upon. If I could recall eighteen months of my life I would sacrifice everything I have upon earth. I did love Joseph Smith more than any man that ever lived. If I had been present, I should have stood between him and death." Hodge enquired: "Why did you act as you have done? You were accessory to his murder." Foster replied: "I know that, and I have not seen one moment's peace since that time. I know that Mormonism is true, and the thought of meeting Joseph and Hyrum at the bar of God is more awful to me than anything else."

## Chemistry of Common Things.

### HYDROCARBON.—NO. 3.— STIMULATION.

BY obedience to the natural laws, as alluded to in the last article, is meant to use things in a right way, that is, in accordance with their nature. It is a condition of things that animals that absorb oxygen have within themselves a source of heat; the reason of this is, that organized beings are chemically constituted in such a manner that oxygen combines with certain elements within them, and evolves heat. It is also a condition of things that animals should take food to replace those elements that are burned within them; hence it is essential that food, to be in harmony with this condition, should contain combustible materials. Carbon and hydrogen are the principal combustible constituents of food. It is also a natural condition that whenever carbon and hydrogen combine with oxygen, heat is given off; this law applies to the combination of those elements, either in the open air, or in the blood. It is also a condition of things that animals with lungs can exist and maintain the same temperature of body in the coldest as well as the warmest climate; but this does not violate the conditions of any other natural law alluded to. To maintain this temperature in cold latitudes more food must be taken, and, consequently, more oxygen inspired; in warm climates less food and less oxygen are required.

The reason we have to take food is to replace the parts of the body that are worn out, and to supply material for oxygen to combine with; for, were we to continue to inspire oxygen and not do so, we should waste away and die. Persons who are deprived of food entirely (as in some circumstances we occasionally read of in accounts of shipwrecks etc.) are gradually consumed; all the vital parts are destroyed. In this way at the expense of the tissues of the body, heat is maintained and life preserved as long as possible; heat is closely related to vitality.

It is considered by able chemists that oxygen is the source of vitality; that the various forces which constitute life receive their impulses from the union of this element with elements within the body. We may be certain of one thing, it is the source of heat, by combining with the carbonaceous elements supplied by food; and it is reasonable to suppose that heat thus evolved may be accessory to all the phenomena of life.

Food to sustain life must contain heat-giving and flesh-forming materials; the former are the source of stimulation, or motion, to the blood, they are that to the human machine that fuel is to the steam engine; the latter (flesh-formers) build up the human mechanism. But that is not food that will not make blood; it may be a source of stimulation, but it will not be natural. M. Mialle says: "all experience tends to show that all hydro-carbonaceous substances can only undergo the phenomenon of assimilation when they have been decomposed by the alkaline humors of the stomach." The hydro-carbon of alcohol cannot be digested (assimilated) for it decomposes the humors we allude to, viz, the juices of the stomach.

Still, it is combustible, and a combustible material is essential to vitality. Yes! in a proper form: to be available it must be neutral, not active, as it is in alcohol. The elements of this hydro-carbonaceous fluid are in a more active state to form new combinations than if they were entirely free, which they have a tendency to become. Leave the cork out of the bottle, it is dissolved into the atmosphere, expose it broadly to the action of oxygen, it passes into the state of vinegar (acetic acid).

It is this mobility of the elements of alcohol and tendency to form new combinations that make it so pernicious in the

human stomach. The constant effort made by the lungs is to disengage carbon, every expiration of the lungs removes it as carbonic acid. With a proper supply of food, of a proper kind, sufficient carbon is taken to supply the system with the necessary heat. Sugar is the type of one kind of carbonaceous food, fat is the type of another, both kinds being proper for food because they are digestible.

On entering the human stomach alcoholic drinks diffuse the alcohol throughout the system, it passes as a subtle vapor into the circulation. At the temperature of the blood the hydrogen is first burned, the normal, or regular process of combustion of carbon is stopped. Some of the alcohol is passed off in the breath; when the body is saturated with that spirit it oozes from every pore, defiling the atmosphere with its odor. Aromatic substances may mask the smell, but the spirit is readily detected; the "clove," used by drinkers to conceal their tippling, has a sickly fragrance to the senses of a really sober man!

The effects produced by the combustion of hydrogen in the blood may be conceived of by those who have remembered the properties of that element; heat, intense heat, is caused. The expression of some who have "imbibed" is literally true—"I am warm all over." Yes! throughout the circulation there is a fierce fire burning; the pulse is quickened, respiration is more frequent, the vital fluids, in a frenzy, rush through the vessels, every pore is alive to the importance of getting rid of the incendiary that fires the blood! The brain, the seat of thought, a place that should be sacred, is invaded by the enemy; every vessel of that organ is swollen by the raging heat and the surcharge of carbon. The cranium (skull) not being elastic, the cerebral mass (brain-matter) is incapable of exercising its functions, it is crushed, and stupefaction ensues. Sleep—not such as that the poet speaks of—

"Kind nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep"—

but *stupor*, accompanied by an utter incapacity to exercise any faculty of the mind, closes the scene with heavy stertorous breathing and entire prostration!

This is *one* among many phases that could be shown of the effects of alcoholic stimulation. We will now consider the *uses* of alcohol.

BETH.

## BATHING IN MOLTEN IRON.

SOME very novel experiments have been made within the past few years, with the view of ascertaining in what that singular quality of molten iron or lead consists which allows the hand to be passed through it with no covering whatever, yet without injury. It is not even necessary that the hand should be wet, though this precaution is sometimes taken by workmen and others who amuse themselves by this apparent defiance of the laws of nature. The investigations of several leading European philosophers, chief among whom is M. Boutigny of Paris, and the frequent practice of this hazardous sport by workmen in several establishments visited by them, show that the molten metal may be touched, tossed about with the fingers, and actually ladled out with the hand; and although a moist state of the skin appears to be essential to perfect safety, M. Boutigny declares that the perspiration started all over the body by the exciting nature of the feat is a sufficient protection.

Employees in several of the shops visited, and the scientific experimenters themselves, passed their fingers, without wetting, through the glowing stream as it issued from the furnace; touched with the ends of their fingers the surface of the fluid metal; dashed the moistened hand against the iron with such force as to splash it around; ladled the metal in the hollow of the hand, and in various other ways demonstrated that the

nature and effects of molten iron are not so fully understood as was supposed. Prof. Plucker, of Bonn, dipped the index finger of his right hand into the fluid, moved it about a few seconds and withdrew it unharmed. His sensations did not indicate a temperature of more than about 85 degrees Fahrenheit, while in fact it could have been but little less than 2,750 degrees. The fine hairs of the skin vanished from his finger, but the nail was not affected.

Various substances and solutions—soap, sal-ammoniac, ether, alcohol, etc.—have been applied to the hand before introducing it to the bath of the molten metal. The resulting sensations vary somewhat, but the effect is practically the same. M. Boutigny believes it due to the spheroidal condition of the fluid metal, and is moreover of the opinion that the ancients, who are said to have understood this art of handling molten iron, had a knowledge of calorics scarcely less extensive than that possessed by enlightened nations at the present day.

*Selected.*

CANTON.—Let us step into the Chinese provision shops. Here we see good mutton, joints of beef, young pigs, and tender chickens, and in addition we see four puppies. They have been fattened for the market, dressed by scalding, just as young pigs are prepared for the market. A platter is filled with frogs' heads. Upon another plate we see the intestines of a chicken, on another the entrails of a fish. In a tub by the door are worms, alive and squirming; and here comes a man with two baskets, hanging from a bamboo over his shoulder; in one of them are two old cats, in the other four pretty kittens, one of them black, the others gray. This man has no rats on hand to-day, but they are to be had in the market. All of these are for eating. Thousands of people in Canton think themselves well off if they can have a puppy cutlet or a rat pie. I dare say that every girl who may read this would like to have something terrible happen to the wretches who kill and eat such pretty kittens. A step or two, and we are at a doctor's shop. He pulls teeth, and here is a string of old teeth, also a peck-basket half full, he says to let the people know he has done a great deal of work in that line. The doctor has a patient—a man who has the rheumatism in the right leg, and the doctor is taking it out by applying cupping glasses—a very harmless remedy—any of you who have the rheumatism can try it; your parents will tell you how to do it. But this doctor has some curious medicines—dried snakes! Here they are, hanging by strings from the ceiling. How he uses them, or for what purpose, it is impossible to say, but here they are, with bundles of herbs to be made into poultices, or steeped in water, applied outwardly, or to be taken as we take Epsom salts, rhubarb, and all sorts of bad tasting doctor's stuff.

## DAILY BREAD.

A baby girl knelt down to pray  
One morn. The mother said,  
"My love, why do we ever say,  
Give us our daily bread?  
Why not ask for a week or more?"  
The baby bent her head  
In thoughtful mood towards the floor;  
"We want it fresh!" she said.

A VETERAN observer says: "I never place much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there."



## A BIRD DROVER.

THE first time I was in New Orleans I strolled down the street one day, and as I went on I observed a man before me who threw out first one hand and then the other, raising them both above his head sometimes, and bringing them down again as if he were going through a gymnastic exercise, or practising gestures out of a school speaker with pictures of boys in it, and dotted lines to show where their hands are to move. He was not walking straightforward, but went first to one side and then to the other; so that I thought he must be either drunk or crazy. When I came up with him, however, I found that he was perfectly sober, very far from crazy, and as busy as the most industrious person could wish. He was, in fact, a bird merchant, and he was driving two or three hundred canaries before him, just as people drive hogs or cattle, or anything else. They were not trained birds that had been taught tricks, like those they have in shows, but just ordinary canary birds, hopping along the ground in a drove like a flock of sheep. They seemed to know their master, and had been practised at this driving until they knew the meaning of every gesture he made, so that he could drive them wherever he pleased without fear of losing a single one; and whenever a customer wanted to see a particular bird, the man had no difficulty in picking it up out of the flock.

The whole thing was so odd that I talked with the man, and got permission to go to his shop, which was a queer place certainly. There were cages hanging all over the ceiling, and sitting everywhere that a cage could sit, and every cage was full of birds. Birds of every kind and color were there—some singing, some chattering, some screaming; and the place, I thought, was the noisiest one I ever saw. A great owl hopped about the floor, and an eagle sat on one of the tables, looking like a judge half asleep. Two birds of paradise in a cage were smoothing their gaudy feathers, like ladies getting ready for a concert. Little birds of every color were crowded together in one cage, ready to be sent away to a bird dealer in another city. In the backyard the canaries—hundreds of them—were twittering, while peacocks and turkey gobblers strutted about among their little neighbors. The old man also kept some snakes in boxes, and one or two young alligators, together with monkeys, and weasels, and rabbits, and everything else that anybody could possibly make pets of, by the dozen.

I learned that the man raises all his canaries and many of his other birds, and buys the rest from sailors, who bring them from Mexico and South America. He has boys and girls wandering all over the city with little cages of birds for sale, and he drives the canaries himself, while his wife attends to the shop. He commenced driving canaries many years ago, and had a good deal of trouble teaching his first flock to obey. But birds and animals seem to learn from each other much more rapidly than from men; so whenever young canaries get large enough to be sold, the man puts them with his flock, and they do as the rest do without any other training. They are like boys and girls in doing as their comrades do, learning good things or bad things, according to the company they keep.

*Selected.*

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

## CHARADE.

BY MISS HATTIE WESTOVER.

I am composed of 10 letters:

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, is the name of an editor;

My 2, 5, 7, 9, 1, 2, is the name of one of the grand divisions of the earth;

My 3, 4, 6, 8, is the name of a beast that roams the forest;

My whole is one of the States of the Union.

## Selected Poetry.

## THE YEAR'S TWELVE CHILDREN.

January, worn and gray,  
Like an old pilgrim by the way,  
Watches the snow, and shivering sighs  
As the wild curlew round him flies;  
Or, huddled underneath a thorn,  
Sits praying for the lingering morn.

February, bluff and cold,  
O'er furrows striding scorns the cold,  
And with his horses two abreast,  
Makes the keen plow do his behest.

Rough March comes blustering down the road,  
In his wrathful hand the oxen goad;  
Or, with a rough and angry haste,  
Scatters the seeds o'er the dark waste.

April, a child, half tears, half smiles,  
Trips full of little playful wiles;  
And laughing, 'neath her rainbow hood,  
Seeks the wild violets in the hood.

May, the bright maiden, singing goes,  
To where the snowy hawthorn blows,  
Watching the lambs leap in the dells,  
Listening the simple village bells.

June, with the mower's scarlet face,  
Moves o'er the clover field apace,  
And fast his crescent scythe sweeps on  
O'er spots from whence the lark has flown.

July, the farmer, happy fellow,  
Laughs to see the corn grow yellow;  
The heavy grain he tosses up  
From his right hand as from a cup.

August, the reaper, cleaves his way,  
Through golden waves at break of day;  
Or on his wagon, piled with corn,  
At sunset home is proudly borne.

September, with his braying hoard,  
Leaps fence and pale at every hoard,  
And casts into the wind with scorn  
All cares and dangers from his hoard.

October comes, a woodman old,  
Fenced with tough leather from the cold;  
Round swings his sturdy axe, and lo!  
A fir branch falls at every blow.

November cowers before the flame,  
Blears crone, forgetting her own name!  
Watches the blue smoke curling rise,  
And broods upon old memories.

December, fat and rosy, strides,  
His old heart warm, well-clothed his sides;  
With kindly word for young and old,  
The cheerier for the bracing cold,  
Laughing a welcome, open flings  
His doors, and as he goes he sings.

LABOR.—If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

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